

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY.
310 West Colfax Avenue. South Bend, Indiana.

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana, BY CARRIER.

Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$1.00
Daily, single copy2c
Sunday, single copy3c
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$1.00
Daily, single copy2c
Sunday, single copy3c

If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone for want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1151; Bell phone 2190.

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN
Foreign Advertising Representatives.
315 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

A Christmas Sermon

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Critics all agree that to the famous writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, belongs the honor of having written the most beautiful of all Christmas sermons. By special arrangement with the publishers, this paper is permitted to present this sermon to its readers.—Editor.)

Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination: it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to this fashion of a smiling face.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these WITHOUT CAPITULATION—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF—here is a task for ALL that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are THE PERFECT DUTIES. And it is the trouble with "moral" men that they have neither one nor other. It was the moral man, the Pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and SIMPLER people!

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: MYSELF. But my duty to my neighbor is much more neatly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise: He IS ON DUTY HERE; he knows not how or why, and does not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others.

To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries, a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself.

HERE LIES ONE WHO MEANT WELL, TRIED A LITTLE, FAILED MUCH;—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed!

(From R. L. Stevenson's Christmas Sermon. Copyright, Chas. Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by special permission of the publishers.)

THE LEAVEN OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas morning means many things to different people. It runs the gamut of the emotions. For some there is no marring note in the joyousness of it, but they are very few. For some it has its bitter sweet, and they are the many.

And then there are those to whom it means nothing, neither joy nor grief, nor happiness, mingled with sorrow. Fortunately there are the rare exceptions.

In a general sense Christmas brings the optimistic suggestion. The thought conveyed presents an example of sacrifice which never fails to impart an ennobling influence. Its effect is cheering and uplifting. Few escape the influence. Even those who weep find courage to smile through their tears.

It is a time for heart expansion. Thoughts centered for a year on selfish things go abroad seeking objects of sympathy and consideration such is the force of example. The shell of indifference is broken. The brotherhood of man becomes a conscious fact. There are good cheer and kind words for all. And not the least of these are kind words.

Mankind suffers more from lack of sympathy than from lack of food. Each individual and each little circle, the family and the social, finds itself to much a sufficiency for itself. The world is only half fed on appreciation. Christmas comes to break in upon these sordid reserves and open the fountains of the milk of human kindness that all may come in and partake. Good fellowship for a day finds its reestablishment and with each recurrence of the day sinks its roots a little deeper. As Christmas comes and goes the world grows kinder and "good will to men" increases and expands.

THE MOOSE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Here is the Christmas offering of the Loyal Order of Moose. In the fertile valley of the Fox river, forty miles from Chicago, a farm of one thousand acres is to be equipped with power house, work shops, administration building, a school house and a score of cottages, a training school for one thousand children will be established.

The boys will be taught trades and agriculture, the girls domestic science, household efficiency and gardening. In four years they will graduate, the boys with diplomas qualifying them for membership in trade unions and the girls with certificates of domestic capability. In addition they will be given the rudiments of an education.

The school, which is already in operation, with fifty pupils, will have an assured income of \$100,000 a year from the membership of the order, and E. G. Cooley, who made a national reputation as an educator and director of education when superintendent

of the Chicago schools, has been invited to become the head of the institution.

The membership of the Loyal Order of Moose is composed of half a million men of modest position and income, forty per cent of them being members of trade unions. The educational and training project inaugurated by them is no mere sentiment. It is based on a knowledge of the actual needs of the young of today and a practical conception of the best means of supplying them.

It has been said that the English can successfully conduct such great cooperative enterprises, but that the Americans are not adapted to it. The plan of the Moose school indicates, however, that failures here have been due to false conceptions and poor management. (There is every reason to believe that the Fox valley farm will refute all arguments against cooperative training in America.)

THE CONSTITUTION OF PEACE.

Sen. Brewster's charge that the currency law was drawn in the interest of the opposition manifested by some of the larger institutions and their allied interests and the reluctance with which they have admitted that the law is correct in principle.

This is true, however, that directly or indirectly as you please the banks will enjoy a larger legitimate prosperity through the enlargement of their freedom of action and the greater security of conditions under which they will do business. It is apparent from the statements of leading bankers that the law is not as they would have framed it, though they do not and cannot deny that it will effect some of the reforms desired and will place the business of the country on a more stable basis.

The early enactment of the law is gratifying to business interests. The legislative proceedings were not permitted to drag unnecessarily and the naturally attendant suspense was quickly relieved. Business can now go forward with a definite knowledge of the financial conditions under which it is to be conducted, unhampered by uncertainty and the fear of restriction.

The law specifically provides for an elastic currency and yet a currency which cannot be stretched to the breaking point. It effectually puts a stop to speculative business by providing a substantial basis for all legitimate enterprise. The feeling experienced in business circles is one of relief. It is as though an impending danger had been removed.

Pres. Wilson calls this new law "the constitution of peace," not peace as contradistinguished from war, but the peace which permits the business man to sleep when he goes to bed at night and the peace that gives him

confidence to go forth in the morning, the peace which will satisfy and gratify before it is fully comprehended.

Rev. Henry Wunder, pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church, Chicago, who died on Monday at the age of 83, made a remarkable record. He officiated at 62 Christmas services in his church, married 602 couples, christened 17,750 babies and had charge of 6,361 funerals. Some human interest in that career.

The Cadillac man whose conscience prompted him to pay a railroad company 24 cents a year after giving the conductor the slip affords a wholesome Christmas example to that large class of otherwise good citizens who have no compunctions about beating the street car.

The non-partisanship of the currency bill in congress was hardly equal to that of popular approval, but it was enough to show that some republican statesmen are not hide-bound.

The reaction has restored Mrs. Ella Flagg Young to the superintendency of the Chicago schools. In this instance truth crushed to earth rose unusually early.

Eggs have become a circulating medium in the mountain regions of Arkansas. The demands of business will probably require each coin of the hen to be dated.

Following a well established custom we wish our readers a Merry Christmas. Without formally we hope this will be a happy day for them.

As typifying the forty per cent gold reserve one of the pens used by the president on the currency bill is mightier than the sword.

At this writing we believe, the English suffragist leaders are out of prison and keen for their Christmas dinner.

Thaw has again been up before his judges. It would be a relief if he would Thaw out before the winter is over.

Joe Tinker continues to occupy the center of the spotlight. How he will ever escape vaudeville is a mystery.

Positively the last call for the good Christmas act.

A white Christmas is now assured.

STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON.—Dr. James Benjamin Aswell, member of congress from Louisiana, bears a striking resemblance to the late George Washington. Though only forty-three years old, Aswell has white hair and curls up on the sides in colonial fashion, much as George Washington's did. Aswell's face is not quite so sad and preoccupied as former Pres. Washington's, but it is built along similar lines that he looks as if he were at least about to take the part of Washington in a cantata.

The reason Aswell's hair is prematurely white and his face solemn is because of two important events back in his boyhood. To start with, the first book he ever read, aside from the Bible, was Pilgrim's Progress. Then, his father failed after the war and he was obliged to work on the farm alongside of the Negro laborers without ever getting to school until he was seventeen years old. Those things, however, would not have turned his hair white ahead of schedule. But one day this happened:

There was a young colored boy on the place named Mose, a trifle older than Aswell, who looked on him as a sort of personal companion and accomplice. Mose had a phenomenal predisposition toward stealing and telling lies and endeavored to instill these traits into young Aswell. As much as the latter was destined to grow up to look like George Washington, and become one of the foremost school teachers of his state, he did not readily take to lying and stealing and never did either—until one night. Mose mentioned that there was a watermelon patch up the road belonging to a crabbed old man whom they called Uncle Nathan. They had an abundant watermelon patch on their own place, but that was not the point. The idea was that it would be good sport to steal a melon or two from Uncle Nathan just because he was grouchy and they had always disliked him. So at dusk they went up the road and hooked a couple of melons apiece from Uncle Nathan.

The next morning Aswell saw Uncle Nathan's buggy out in front of the house and Uncle Nathan himself in conference with Aswell's father. Indubitably something was up. After the grim visitor had gone, Aswell's father called him in and said: "I have arranged for you to go over today and help Uncle Nathan strip fodder. I owe him a little money and that occurs to me as the cheapest way for me to pay it."

Now what young Aswell wanted to know was this: Did his father really owe Uncle Nathan money, and was the close proximity of the watermelon incident merely a stray circumstance or did one event follow the other in logical order? He would have liked to know, but his father said nothing and so he asked no questions, but went sullenly and worked all day for Uncle Nathan, never saying a word to him and refusing to accept the man's dinner at noon.

For years and years after that, up to the time of his father's death, Aswell kept wondering if his father really knew about the watermelon affair, but he never found out for the subject was never mentioned again. Such a long stretch of wondering about one thing helped to start his hair turning and give his face the thoughtful look that it wears today. (Copyright, 1913, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.)

EGGS ARE MONEY.

HARRISON ARK. Eggs are being used as a medium of exchange here. Motion picture theaters, one egg admits a minor and two an adult. Eggs are also acceptable as cash at grocery stores and mercantile houses.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

OUR CHRISTMAS EDITION.

THOSE who have exhausted the world's store of happiness that money will buy might learn something from the two Jewish society girls who made a happy Christmas for themselves.

There was nothing these girls could wish for that would not have been supplied, but they have had so much of everything purchasable that there was nothing they cared to wish for. To all appearances their happiness was complete, yet there was something lacking.

Unable to do anything more for themselves and still unsatisfied they set out to do something for others. And they found 35 children to whom the Christmas threatened to be nothing more than a name.

Making a Christmas for these unfortunate little ones they made a real Christmas for themselves, and it is a question which will be the happiest today, the children or the girls.

Christmas Gifts.

But how seldom Christmas comes—only once a year; and how soon it is over—a day and a night! If that is the whole of it, it seems not much more durable than the little toys one buys of a fakir on the street corner.

But surely that need not and ought not to be the whole of Christmas: only a single day of generosity, ransomed from the dull servitude of a selfish year. If every gift is a token of personal thought, a friendly feeling, an unselfish interest in the joy of others, then the Christmas, the feeling, the interest, may remain after the gift is made.—Henry von Dyke.

JUST a word may bring joy to the human heart. If there is such a word in the lexicon which will make your heart glad help yourself to it and tag it from us.

Home.

It was the evening of December twenty-fourth, the night before Christmas, and the last Christmas shoppers were hurrying home making their belated purchases. It was a night typical of the season. The wind, seeming to come from all directions, carried large, crisp, white snow-flakes which filled the air so thickly that the bright lights in happy homes were almost blotted out from the view of passers-by.

But the people hurrying home that night did not pause to peer in at the lighted windows, for, with arms full of bundles for the loved ones at home, for sweethearts and friends, entirely absorbed by the swirling storm, they shuffled along through the deep snow, heads thrown forward, great-collars turned up, hurrying to reach the most sacred mecca of all right-minded men, Home. There would be

SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

The green shaded light on the table by Helen's bed threw a soft glow over the sick room. Helen lay with her eyes fixed on the white curtain which had been blown out the open window and was fluttering in the warm night air.

One hand was thrown over the pillow; the other lay limp and white on the coverlet. A glass of cracked ice and one of orange juice were on the table beside her.

Her mother came in now with a cup to broth.

"Your father says you must try to take some of this now. You haven't had anything since three o'clock."

Helen shook her head. "I can't," faintly.

"You must, dear, you've had nothing but a little orange juice today. You must have some nourishment."

Reluctantly Helen took the spoonful her mother pressed upon her, and then turned her head away.

"No, no, I can't—I can't take anything more," drowsily. "I'll try a little later."

"Do you feel that you could sleep now?"

Helen nodded.

Her mother lowered the light and went quietly into the next room. But Helen thought of sleep. She only wanted to be alone.

She guesses the Truth.

She had overheard something that afternoon which made her believe they had sent for Warren. Had he been sent for? "If he left last night at 8 he ought to be here tonight on the 10:30. But we'd better not tell her till he comes." That was all she had heard, but it had been enough.

Oh, why had they done this thing? Why had they sent for him against her will? Would he show that he came reluctantly? Or would he resent the time and the expense of the trip.

With the furious perversity that often comes to people who are really sick, Helen felt that she was not ill, at least not seriously so—not ill enough to justify sending for Warren.

She moved restlessly to find a cool place on the pillow. Her head was so hot. Oh, why had they sent for him! They! That kept beating in her mind.

She had defeated the purpose of her trip. She had come on this visit hoping that her action would make one he sent before this? Weak as she was, Helen half rose on her elbow in her insistence.

Realizing the futility of denying it, Mrs. Allen brought Warren's first letter.

"Is my coming imperative? . . . Almost impossible to leave now. Wire it condition is critical."

Helen dropped back on the pillow with a groan. "Oh, I thought so—Oh, I thought so. So he wouldn't come until you insisted? Oh, why did you send for him? Can't you see he doesn't want to come? He doesn't think I'm very ill. He thinks I'm pretending most of it—just to make him come!"

A Troubled Dream.

Then she fell into a troubled doze in which she dreamed that Warren had come and was heartily reproaching her for having sent for him, saying that she was only pretending to be ill to get him there.

He seemed to be standing by the bed his hat in his hand and his overcoat on his arm while she was trying to hold him, begging him to stay. He answered coldly that he was going back at once on the next train. He was moving towards her and she seemed to be dragging herself to follow him—when she awoke.

found loving hearts to welcome the man at the door, to draw for him a comfortable chair near to the roaring fire, and offer that incomparable cheer only to be found in the presence of loved ones.

What did it matter if the snow struck the face with hard, insistent blows, almost closing one's eyes, and the cold wind seemed to go through clothes, chilling the very bones, even as the flood sweeps across a countryside overcoming everything which offers resistance? They were as nothing to him, mere will-o-the-wisps, forgotten as soon as left behind, while Home was an everlasting blessing, always and ever having deep-graven on the escutcheon that indefinable word,—although as old as this world of ours is always new and much to be desired,—"Love."

A. D. H.

REPUBLICANISM by request: Do your Christmas eating slowly. Do you can eat more.

Soldiers of Fortune.

Merry Xmas, old Christobal pal. How's the boys on the Panama canal? One of the bunch is back again. And what they say—Not then. Were we there for our health? Or to accumulate a little wealth? We ran the gauntlet on the ditch. From yellow fever to doxy itch. Across the line to Colon town. For the pleasures of ill-renewed. Were the things to pass the time. Midst the reef from old the slime. If death and worse at every turn. Did it give us any concern? Did we take a chance for gold? You know—old pal of old.

D. B. H.

THE dislike many people have for eating alone will be one of the causes contributing to the satisfaction of certain bachelor good fellows, who during today at their hotel or restaurant will have the consciousness that through their thoughtfulness others are enjoying the good things of life. Even an old bachelor ought to get something good out of that.

DON'T forget that the country will find a present in its hosliery this morning. The currency law is about the best Christmas gift given this year.

One That Came To Us.

Old fellow, if I could grasp your hand For about a minute, you'd understand Without any fixup card from me What a bully Christmas I want yours to be.

H. V. B.

YOUR wish, old pal, is our weal.

C. N. F.

HELEN LEARNS THAT WARREN HAS BEEN SENT FOR WITHOUT HER KNOWLEDGE

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Would it be like that? Was this dream a premonition of his coming? She was alone, but she could hear her mother moving softly about in the next room. Her lips were parched and dried. She reached over for the glass of cracked ice on the stand beside her, but it was too far away. Her mother, hearing her stir, was instantly by the bed.

Helen motioned for the ice.

"Won't you take a little of the broth now?"

Helen shook her head. Ice was all that she seemed to want. For days she had had an insatiable craving for ice.

"Mother," she asked, abruptly, "why did you send for Warren?"

Her mother stared. "Why, dear, what makes you think he's been sent for?"

Helen waved her hand in faint protest. "Oh, I know—I overheard you talking about it. You must tell me! When did you send the telegram, and what did you say?"

"I want the exact words."

"Why, dear, I don't remember," her mother answered evasively, "your father did that."

"But you know what he telegraphed?"

"You must tell me."

"Why, he just said you were ill."

"And what did Warren answer?"

"How do you know he is coming?"

"Now, Helen, you mustn't talk about this. It is only exciting you."

"How do you know he is coming?" she repeated. "Did he telegraph back?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"Let me see the telegram."

"But, Helen—"

"Let me see the telegram."

"Feeling that she should only excite her more by refusing, her mother brought Warren's last telegram."

"Leaving tonight at 8."

"Is this all? Did he telegraph this as soon as you sent for him?"

Knowing instinctively that her mother was keeping something from her, "Didn't he telegraph something before this?"

Helen learns the Whole Truth.

Her mother hesitated. It had always been very difficult for her to tell an untruth and she could not now.

"Bring me the other telegram—the one he sent before this?" Weak as she was, Helen half rose on her elbow in her insistence.

Realizing the futility of denying it, Mrs. Allen brought Warren's first letter.

"Is my coming imperative? . . . Almost impossible to leave now. Wire it condition is critical."

Helen dropped back on the pillow with a groan. "Oh, I thought so—Oh, I thought so. So he wouldn't come until you insisted? Oh, why did you send for him? Can't you see he doesn't want to come? He doesn't think I'm very ill. He thinks I'm pretending most of it—just to make him come!"

A Troubled Dream.

Then she fell into a troubled doze in which she dreamed that Warren had come and was heartily reproaching her for having sent for him, saying that she was only pretending to be ill to get him there.

He seemed to be standing by the bed his hat in his hand and his overcoat on his arm while she was trying to hold him, begging him to stay. He answered coldly that he was going back at once on the next train. He was moving towards her and she seemed to be dragging herself to follow him—when she awoke.

When Heller says IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK

You Have Our Heartiest Wishes for a Most Enjoyable Christmas

Wilhelm's

CORNER MICHIGAN & JEFFERSON

Merchants National Bank

Two reasons why you should do your BANKING BUSINESS with us.

First reason: We are loyal enough to South Bend to affirm that money deposited in South Bend Banks should be loaned in South Bend and vicinity to develop and assist our own Commercial and Manufacturing institutions. We adhere to this policy.

Second reason: The active officers in the Bank are its heaviest Stockholders, thus insuring Conservative Management and courteous treatment. All money deposited in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT on or before January 10, 1914, draws 4% interest from January 1st. We wish to thank all our customers for their patronage in the past and solicit a continuance for the future.

The Largest National Bank for its age in the City.

Merchants National Bank

We Pay 4 Percent on Time Deposits.

ALWAYS COMPLETE LINES LOW PRICES QUICK DELIVERIES

SIBLEY HARDWARE COMPANY

If you believe in safety, cleanliness, convenience and economy in your home, you will use Electricity for lighting, heating and cooking.

Electricity has all the advantage and none of the disadvantages. It eliminates dust, dirt, smoke and labor.

Our offer to wire will continue for a short time only, so get your order in at once.

Remember the proposition—Wiring and fixtures at cost, with twelve months to pay for the job.

A few small monthly installments will give you the advantages of Electric Service.

Telephone 462 and let us give an estimate.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 WEST COLFAX AVE.